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## DEFINITELY LOCATED.

**A** DR. DUMBA reviews his conduct in the light of subsequent events he professes himself unable to see that he did ought save  
 use every proper means of dissuading our citizens (Austrian and Hungarians) from committing the crime of high treason against the country to which they owed their allegiance.  
 But the Ambassador had a more definite view of his potency when he wrote in his own hand to the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs on the twentieth day of last month:  
 I am under the impression that we could, if not entirely prevent the production of war material in Bethlehem and in the Middle West, at any rate strongly discourage it and hold it up for months.  
 We note that Dr. Dumba feels he has been deprived of a hearing. We note, however, that what he has to say includes no explanation of his deliberate proposal to tie up American industries operating under American laws.  
 We agree with him that there was a great mistake somewhere. But we are convinced that it has been correctly located.

Government to Forbid "Treating" in London.—Headline.  
 War may do it. Nothing else ever succeeded.

## ODDS ON CARRANZA.

**A** LL evidence going to show that Carranza can qualify as statesman, ruler and defender of constitutional liberties will be eagerly welcomed by the representatives of various American republics, including our own, who find the job of getting Mexico on its feet without actually touching it a hard one.  
 "Interference either directly or indirectly in the internal affairs of Mexico is not contemplated." The South American Governments invited to lend a hand have seen to that proviso. Then what can be done except to recognize a de facto Mexican government? And since the factions can't agree on one, what alternative but to pick the strongest claimant and back him to restore order?  
 This is not complete and benevolent rehabilitation of Mexico by the great and powerful nation which aims to keep things as they should be on this continent. In fact, so far as the hopes of many sanguine citizens of the United States are concerned, it is a distinct come down. It may be, however, that our fellow conferees from South America are helping us to the plain and practical solution. They have had more experience than we with populations like that of Mexico. What Mexico works out for itself will be worth more to it than what might be forced upon the nation by well-meaning outsiders.  
 Carranza is the native force that now seems most likely to get Mexico in hand. It is apparently the intent of the Pan-American Conference to add up the points to his credit and make the sum total look convincing.

Nine thousand policemen have endorsed woman suffrage.  
 Approval from those who know the worst.

## A SPORT THAT WEARS WELL.

**T**HREE AND A HALF MILLION men and women in the United States play golf, according to the esteemed Times.  
 We think the estimate enthusiastic. Nevertheless this healthful if somewhat ritualistic game has taken firm hold upon the country—to the especial benefit of busy men who regularly forsake their desks for it.  
 "Royal and ancient" it may be, but no nation has honored it by playing it with greater zeal—not even Scotland, where, in the fifteenth century, an austere Parliament felt obliged to declare it "statute and ordinance that in no place of the realm there be used fute-ball, golfe, or other ilk unprofitable sports."  
 Mary Stuart was a golfer. When her husband was murdered her enemies declared that, such was her hardness and indifference, she was seen, a few days after, "playing golf in the fields beside Seton." Charles I. was another. So was James II. The late King Edward VII. was in his earlier years captain of the famous St. Andrews Club.  
 But democratic America when after 1890 it took to golf quickly gave the game a wider following, better courses, more beautiful surroundings and finer club houses than Scotland and England ever provided. And in recent years Scotch and English professionals have found more golf in this country than at home.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

The fact that "there's no place like home" is why some men stay out nights.—Pittsburgh Press.  
 A stinky man will let another share his views if not his prospects.—Deseret News.  
 Hard for some people to get wise to the fact that if they use cheap material they must expect cheap results.—Philadelphia Telegraph.  
 Whenever a man has at last succeeded in selling something that for a long time nobody wanted, his friends tell him that he made a mistake in selling it so cheap.—Albany Journal.  
 The "don't worry" admonition comes always from persons who have nothing to worry them.—Albany Journal.  
 Nobody pays attention to a man who is always talking, even when he happens to have something to say.  
 After a man gets the reputation of being a fool, he can attract a lot of notice by acting sensibly once in a while.  
 Most people who ride in street cars are agreeable. That is why the disagreeable ones are conspicuous.  
 The man who never expects to own an auto can tell, without a moment's hesitation, what make of machine he prefers.—Toledo Blade.

## Letters From the People

**A Reply to G. B.**  
 In reply to G. B.'s inquiry: First of all the clerk is being paid for his work and, furthermore, the boss has not given anything to the clerk for his personal use, therefore the clerk should never on any or such occasions thank his boss. The employer does not expect any thank yous, as he knows that his men do not labor for the love of it.  
 A. G.  
**Borough Hall.**  
 Kindly inform me just where in Brooklyn I can secure a marriage license.  
 A READER.

## Police Efficiency!

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family  
By Roy L. McCardell

**M**RS. JARR scanned the morning paper eagerly.  
 "For a Monday morning there are very few," she remarked half to herself.  
 "Very few what?" asked Mr. Jarr.  
 "Bargain sales? Engagements? Weddings or divorces?"  
 "How foolish you talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "The Sunday papers are the papers that have the bargain sale advertisements and the engagement and marriage notices, mostly. Monday papers are the ones to read for those dreadful automobile accidents. I can't bear to think of them!"  
 "If you can't bear to think of them what do you look so eagerly for?"  
 Mrs. Jarr regarded him with an expression of surprise.  
 "Don't I wish to see if any of our friends have been killed?" she asked.  
 "The Strivers have a fine machine and so has Clara Mudridge-Smith, and one can never tell what will happen. Everybody seems to go riding like speed maniacs on Sundays, and so the Monday morning papers are full of accounts of automobile accidents that make one shudder."

"But are they more interesting than divorce suits?" asked Mr. Jarr.  
 "Divorce suits are not interesting, they are shocking," was the reply.  
 "And some of these automobile accidents lead to divorce suits because people get injured—both men and women—when automobile riding with people they should not be in the company of."

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "then we should be happy we can't afford an automobile. This keeps us out of the casualty wards of the hospitals and the divorce courts."  
 "I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Here I see the Billingtons are getting a divorce. You remember the Claude Billingtons—they have four automobiles."  
 "I thought they got along nicely together—I mean the Billingtons and not the autos," remarked Mr. Jarr.  
 "Mr. Billington got a divorce from his first wife, who had been divorced from her first husband, who divorced his wife to marry her, and then he went back to his first wife, who got a divorce from her second husband—your mother," said Mrs. Jarr.  
 "Mr. Jarr opened his eyes wide. 'Not only is the Billington matrimonial mixup out of my memory, but to even try to follow them drives me out of my senses,' he said. 'Pshaw! But you remember the tall, stately blonde who was Claude Billington's second wife, don't you?' asked Mrs.

Jarr. "She was very prominent in civic club affairs. She divorced her husband to marry Claude Billington, and it's all very romantic, because it is said she will marry the man who married Claude Billington's first wife after Claude Billington divorced her."  
 Mr. Jarr mopped his brow and moaned. "It's too much for me," he gasped. "I can follow you in the automobile matter, but this divorce forgive and forget and remember and marry again is too bewildering for me."  
 "Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "if you expect to keep posted on Who's Who in Society you will have to remember who's divorced and who are about to be. If you don't you are liable to make terrible mistakes and ask people how their wives and husbands are since you last saw them only to learn that they are all somebody else's wives and husbands now."

Reflections of  
A Bachelor Girl  
By Helen Rowland

**S**OMETIMES signing the marriage certificate seems to take the last ounce of a man's sentimental vitality.

The kind of woman that a man calls "womanly" is one whose first thought, on getting into Paradise, would be to look and see if her halo were on straight and if her wings were a perfect match.

It is never lack of time, lack of courage, nor lack of opportunity that keeps a man from pursuing a woman; it is nothing on earth but lack of interest.

Marriage is that point in love's young dream at which you wake yourself up by plunging over a precipice.

In these days of eugenics, feminism and bachelor flats most girls take their romance vicariously and are grateful for a "thrill-in-three-reels" from a cowboy movie drama.

After a man has been driving women tandem and his flirtations four-in-hand for ten or twenty years it is foolish for any girl to expect him to settle down calmly into double-harness himself and trot along like dear old Dobbin.

Friendship is the oxygen that stimulates the heart and pumps it full of the joy of living.

It is not half so hard to die for love as to find a love worth dying for.

The lighter the husband, the heavier the marriage yoke.

Mr. Jarr Learns That Autos Are  
Self-Starting "Divorce Wagons."

"But how about the children?" asked Mr. Jarr.  
 "There are no children—in most cases," said Mrs. Jarr, "and when there are children, people who want to get divorced do not stop to consider the children. They say they intend to live their own lives in their own way—and the children are sent to boarding school."  
 "To live their little lives in any old way," interjected Mr. Jarr.  
 "I suppose so," said Mrs. Jarr, with a sigh; "but, after all, there are plenty of nice people who marry and when they have a little quarrel kiss and make up, like we do."

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, "I have noticed that it is the divorced man who generally marries the divorced woman."  
 "So long as we haven't our first automobile or our first divorce we will live plainly in the old-fashioned way without flinging in automobile accidents or the divorce court," said Mrs. Jarr. "You should be very thankful. But still it would be nice to have an automobile and ride out in the cool evening air this hot weather."

"But think of the accidents every Sunday night that fill the Monday morning papers!" Mr. Jarr remarked.  
 "There are just as many careful automobile owners who do not get hurt as there are well-behaved married people who don't get divorced," said Mrs. Jarr.

Dollars and Sense.  
By H. J. Barrett.

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**This Man's Land Works for Him Overtime.**

"THOSE three lots, each measuring 50 by 150, are worth about \$2,000 apiece," reflected Belding. "If I erect three bungalows at a cost of \$3,000 each I'll have an investment representing \$15,000. They should rent at \$35 a month each, showing me about 8 per cent. gross return. Up-keep, repairs, depreciation and taxes cut me down to a point that would be unprofitable were it not for the increase in land values." On the back of an envelope he idly sketched the three lots as he planned to develop them.

"I wonder why this wouldn't work?" he mused, and re-sketches the plan as follows: "By building seven bungalows facing inward, around a prettily landscaped court, my investment will be increased to \$27,000; my total income from rentals will come to \$245 a month, showing me a gross return of nearly 11 per cent. The only sacrifice is that of using back-yard space."

Belding sought out a competent architect and within a few months the houses were completed. A moderate sum expended in beautifying the court with shrubs and fountains assured a demand for his property.

The real estate editors of the local papers considered this new development in the classified columns, brought to describe it in their columns, accompanied by an illustration. This publicity, coupled with a little space in the classified columns, brought many prospects. Within two months each of the bungalows was leased at a figure which yielded a good return. By building seven bungalows instead of three Belding was able to supply a far better structure for the same rental. To-day Belding's idea is being widely copied. It is in line with modern ideas of space conservation. The owner receives a better income on his investment; the tenants receive more value for their money. This is genuine economic progress.

The Stories  
Of Stories  
Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces  
By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 34—THE LOST MANUSCRIPT; by Otto Larsen.

LUCEIN F—was a popular French novelist. All day long he used to scribble away at his novels in an attic study that overlooked the Luxembourg Gardens.

It was before the time of typewritten manuscripts, and publishers were in the habit of sending office boys or printers' devils around to their various authors at stated intervals to collect what had been written and to carry it to the printer.

The boy whose duty it was to make these collections for Lucein's publishers was a broken-nosed, elfin-faced street urchin of fourteen. He used to stroll along the streets, his pockets bulging with manuscripts that hung perilously far out and that always seemed on the verge of tumbling into the gutter. When Adolphe would stop for a street fight (as he often did) or to try to steal a kiss from Virginia, the barmaid at a nearby tavern (as he often did), the precious manuscripts would fall in showers all over the pavement. After the fight or the struggle for a kiss he would gather them up, shove them loosely back into his pockets and slouch along on his way.

One sultry morning Lucein sat at his desk. He was just finishing the last page of his novel "The Wind's Power." The novel's loose sheets lay spread out on the desk. All the windows were wide open.

Suddenly a mighty gust of hurricane wind burst into the room. It caught up the loose sheets and sent them swirling out of the open windows. An instant later a cloudburst of rain began to fall. Lucein groaned aloud.

"There goes the labor of months!" he almost wept. "No hope of finding the last page. They are strewn all over Paris by this time. My book can never be rewritten. Nothing else is so wearisome as to work over the same story a second time. I can't do it."

And he did not. He gave himself up to the despair of knowing that his beloved novel, "The Wind's Power," would never be published. The wind had robbed him of it.

A month later the morning mail brought a package addressed to "M. Lucein F—." Carelessly Lucein opened the wrappings. Out fell a set of proofs, a complete set of proofs, of a novel—of his own novel, "The Wind's Power," whose manuscript had been blown, sheet by sheet, out of his study window!

Lucein stared aghast, dazedly incredulous. Here was his lost story, the story whose pages had flown broadcast over the roofs and trees. And presently the novelist was seized by a feeling of awe. This reappearance of his vanished manuscript in printed form was supernatural. It could not be explained except by ghostly intervention.

He told the story. It was believed. Occult cults and mystical societies took it up. Thanks to it the book was a great success. People declared that no compositor could have set type from a manuscript which no longer existed. Yet the proofs were evidence that it had been set. It was the mystery of the year.

Then one day Adolphe called on Lucein and confessed.

As the boy had been walking through the Luxembourg Gardens just after the hurricane and the rainstorm (his pockets jammed, as usual, with manuscripts) he had seen on the grass a sheet of paper in Lucein's familiar handwriting. It had blown thither and had been plastered to the ground by the heavy rain. It was the first page of "The Wind's Power."

Adolphe jumped to the conclusion that it was a part of one of the bunch of manuscripts he had just been collecting and that it had dropped from his own pocket. He knew he would be discharged for losing so valuable a piece of work, so he spent an hour hunting for the rest of the missing pages.

As the downpour of rain had followed so closely upon the cyclone none of the sheets had been carried far by the wind. And by careful search Adolphe found them all in the Gardens or sticking to the nearby pavements. He gathered them together in correct order, delivered them to the printer—and kept his mouth shut.

## Mollie of the Movies

By Alma Woodward

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**I**'VE sure had a spectral week! I'm not one to take any bull, so I've never visited fortune tellers, spiritual seances and such. Especially since I'm in the movie business I know there isn't any one who has a chance on foretelling what'll happen to me from one minute to the next.

But, like other weak mortals, I fall for things once, anyway. So Tuesday I went to one of those wizards who always was telling me that I was going to be a fortune teller. One of the girls in the company coaxed me to go with her.

His rates were a dollar for six months' fortune; two for a year; three for five years, and five for a whole lifetime. The girl I went with had forked up five three months before, and was going back with another five to see if he didn't have a flimsier lifetime for her in the new stock.

So one put me wise that there are laws about fortune tellers or that the city had a price on the head of each one of them, and just when I was going to cross water and sleep in a strange bed (so new for us movie people), there came a couple of gentlemen in an olive door with an axe. The blamed thing came down on me, and the fortune teller got pinched holding my hand!

But simply had to toss it to the boy who coaxed him. He was a bit, all right. Right off he spouts: "Yuh charge a dollar for a six months' fortune, don't yuh? Well, I'm going to be generous an' give yuh a year's for six, cull. It's a givings what run crossways, a little hammer, a little stool, an' an' coffee in a tin cup. Good night, nurse!"

Naturally the incident upset my sensitive nature, being as you might say an accessory after the fact. And then, returning to the studio, I was named by the director, who told me that William J. Bunker, the great detective, had been proved to possess for a sleuth film and that I was cast for "French" Ida, the coke coquette, his stool pigeon.

I'm used to character makeup. I can be a pretty convincing kitchen mechanic in the morning and a duenna in the afternoon. But, going to the picture, I got my goat. Every time you turned round he was a different nationality. And even though you knew it was a disguise, it was just as if he'd hypnotized you into thinking it was real.

They say I never acted like I acted in that picture; but, gee, that wasn't acting. It was all goodness most of the time; he just had the most of it, and even since I've been hitting the celery tonic pretty lively trying to get my temperamental toned down.

But just imagine being the wife of such a man! Just as innocent as anything, she could get a reputation as a promiscuous with him leaving as a Siren in a blink. He'd be coming home as a bloomin' Englishman and going out the next day as a West Indian planter. There's circumstantial evidence for you!

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy  
GOOD COMPANY, By Thomas Fuller.

**C**OMPANY is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man. For the beams of joy are made hotter by reflection when related to another, and otherwise gladness itself must grieve for want of one to express itself to.

It is unnatural for a man to hug and court solitariness. It is observed that the furthest islands in the world are so seated that there is none so remote but that from some shore or another island or continent may be discerned as if hereby nature invited countries to a mutual commune one with another. And though we pity those who made solitariness their refuge in time of persecution, we must condemn such as choose it in prosperity. For well may we count him not well in his wit who will live always under a tree because others in a storm shelter themselves under it.

Yet a desert is better than a debauched companion. For the wilderness of the place is but grim, while the wilderness of bad persons is also infectious. Better, therefore, ride alone than have a thief's company. And such is a wicked man who will rob the best of precious time if he do not have a companion to converse with, no more mischief. We must not avoid an itself, but also the causes and occasion thereof, among which bad company is the chiefest.

If thou beest cast into bad company, like Hercules thou must sleep with thy club in thine hand and stand on thy guard. And if against thy will thou findest among wicked lodging with such a fellow.